

ideal existence of their own,—they had lived in a haze of history and around their names had shone the glory of battles—and now they were before him, lying under the sunlight, silent in the summer afternoon, without sight or sound save those of rest and husbandry, but still, so incorporated in the ideal of war that the ways of peace seemed to sit strangely upon them. Milestones moss-covered with age, finger posts bleached by rain and time, might well seem so many headstones and crosses set up to mark that greatest graveyard of human glory—the campaign ground of 1815—Quatre Bras eight kilometres, Sombreffe four. To Wavre—to Mont St. Jean—to Frasnes—to Fleurus—to Waterloo, to Ligny—such were the names that met his gaze upon the old road posts where paths branched away over great plains of stubble, all quivering in the sun. Midway between Sombreffe and Quatre Bras, and in the neighborhood of Marbais, a slight elevation flanks the road on the right. From its summit the eye ranges over a large extent of country, and the smoke of Fleurus, the tall chimneys of Charleroi, and the white houses of Quatre Bras are visible south-east, south and west, but in the opposite direction from Fleurus an object appears upon the north-western horizon which at once centres upon it the gaze of the traveller, it is the upper part of a cone, distant but still distinct against the sky, having on its summit a huge square like block which the eye fails to resolve, but which the memory already knows is the lion of Waterloo. Standing on that elevated ridge near Marbais, the traveller had before him the campaign ground of 1815, he stood not very far removed from the centre of that great square which has for its four corners Ligny, Quatre Bras, Waterloo and Wavre—that square in which Napoleon moved, giant-like and irresistible, while Ney on the left and Grouchy on the right, won Waterloo for Wellington—brought back the Bourbons, and made the rock of St. Helena famous—One at Quatre Bras, the other at Wavre. So thought the traveller, at least, as he